THE WEAKER VESSEL.

A Few Caustic Remarks by One of the Gentle Sex.

Man has been likened to the sturdy sak, woman to the frail, clinging ivy; but however true this comparison may be, it is generally conceded that woman is the "weaker vessel." The strength and heroism of man have been the theme of the poet and the historian of all ages. Woman, from the earliest times, has been noted for her tenderhearted weakness and her general lack of bravery, which is conspicuously apparent at the sight of a mouse. Man's prerogative is to rule, and all his sons follow in his footsteps; woman's to be ruled, and her daughters follow meekly

When the country's honor is in peril it is the duty of the sturdy oak to sustain the dignity of the nation, and the frail ivy must wind its tendrils all the closer around the sacred altar of home. When misfortunes with its deadly axe comes and hews at the sturdy oak the fall is certain, and the crash with its reverberating echoes is heard throughout the

The paper announces that Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, in order to relieve himself of financial embarrassment, purchased a revolver and put a little bullet right through his little brain. Henceforth Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, as the case be, instead of grasping a revolver, ignobly grasps the scrubbing-brush or the wash-board and supports the little children who have so suddenly become fatherless. Of course, no credit is due the woman for this; she simply does it because her mind is so narrow and her strength of character so weak she sees nothing else to do. Were she only brave and heroic she might have followed the example of her liege lord and left their orphans to the charities of the cold world. But, alas, women will never be heroic.

It is a woman's privilege to be patient under all circumstances. I don't say that she is, but she ought to be, because that is her business. She ought to be able to rock the cradle at all hours of the day and night; but, as that is mere foot-work, the hands meanwhile should be employed in making and mending clothes for the family. While engaged in this pastime the mind, of course, will be free to plan how to feed a baker's dozen of hungry mouths.

Still, in spite of rocking the cradle, splitting the kindling-wood and a hundred and one other duties beneath the notice of the genus homo, the world is und gradually the wound was at last not coming more and more to appreciate the healed but scarred over. worth of woman. Why, out in a Kansas city there is a woman holding the innocent, frank, clear-eyed youth, who, in or low degree. Plainly he was not wanted mayor's office. In Chicago a woman his joyousness, might have stood for a or needed. superintends the street cleaning, and in
New Hampshire there is a woman presi-New Hampshire there is a woman president of a street railway company. It home, on the street, he was quiet, reticent, surprised to see upon what intimate terms is really impossible to tell just what the seeking no friendships, needing no man. Aunt Kate and wee Alice were, as that little world is coming to. By the time we Only in the court-room did the life within lady sat upon the old dame's lap, gravely girls arrive at years of discretion they him glow and leap and flash and burn, putting her grandma's big gold car-rings may want us to hold high offices of arousing, astonishing and warning his around her dollie's wrists as bracelets. trust and emolument. Won't the weaker hearers. Right and wrong!-right and vessel have a jolly time in the good days coming?-Fannie B. Leggett, in Troy (N. Y.) Times.

THE CANADIAN TIGER.

In Strength and Ferocity the Panther Has But Few Rivals.

Perhaps the "grizzly" of the Rocky American beasts as the terror and de- little Alice surprised him by saying: light of hunters. In strength he is terrific, and he neither shows fear in the presence of many nor exhibits any is dead. I told you once before.' special desire to court seclusion. In strength and savagery he has a rival in the panther, puma or cougar, as the animal is variously called. This beast, though ranking, according to some au- ma, ever?" thorities, as third among the cat families, and only surpassed in strength and ferocity by the lion and Bengal in the mountains; don't you remember!" tiger, is ordinarily very retiring, and, perhaps more than any other animal on this continent, avoids the sight of man. It is only when brought to bay that his perhaps, that I never asked them." enormous strength and agility are displayed. A few years ago an instance of I'll ask 'oo to turn and see me, and I'll div rondacks seizing a hunter by the shoul- will. Why don't 'oo ask dem, papa? I'd ders and bearing him in a single leap like to see my drandpa and drandma." over the top of a hemlock tree.

The encounter of a brave woman with a panther near Vancouver, B. C., is a reminder not only of the audacity of the animal in invading the haunts of man, The panther is usually associated in the drandpa and drandma's a tumin!" mind with the tropical regions of America or the territories bordering on the Mexican frontier. But, if much less frequent than formerly, when he proved a pest of New England pioneers, he still is found here and there, probably as far English; "I doesn't! Does I, papa?" north as he ever ranged. He still lin-British Columbia and of Northern New there's a good girl; so that papa can write York, and is said to be yet found in Gaspe and elsewhere near the St. Lawpanther weighing nearly two hundred pounds was shot in Northern Maine. In Ontario it is probable that he may yet haunt some of the swamps and thickets. Within fourteen years an eight foot puma was killed in the county of Middlesex and another in North Wellington. A panther hunt by a score or more of farmers, who had lost many sheep through the stealthy visits of the famous depredator of olden days, was amongst the exciting events of a rual locality in Huron County about a dozen "It is hard to bury what is yet alive," years ago. The marvelous seclusion thought Jacob, whimsically. ordinarily preserved by the beast is probably one reason why it is so rarely to Uncle Aaron. Then, putting on his hat seen by hunters or any one else. "On Erie's banks the tiger steals alone," wrote Campbell long ago. The visits of the beast to the barnyard have since become more lenely and stealthy.

The northern range of our felis concolor has a parallel amongst the big cats of glory of their best clothes, looking like Asia, for the Bengal tiger is found in caricatures of themselves and burlesques the jungles of the Amour river, in a of recent fashion plates. climate where the mercury falls lower in winter than at Quebec,-Toronto Em- Uncle Aaron, smiling, while he wiped the

One Way to Skin a Coon. "A most remarkable feat that I saw performed while on a recent hunting | der, sah." tour in Southern Missouri," said John I. Martin, "was that of a native of that part of the country, who skinned a coon, had to walk me away up here, and I'm all or rather removed the coon from the | tuckered out," whined Aunt Kate. skin through its mouth, thus preserving the skin intact, which I brought home with me and am having mounted by a taxidermist. The feat I consider a most remarkable one. This is no fish story; it is the truth. The operator removed the flesh and bones, even the bones of the tail, feet and fingers, through the mouth, using no other instrument than a sharp pen-knife."-St. Louis Globe-

Democrat.

Fron County Register UNCLE AARON;

A WIFE REDEEMED.

A Pathetic Story of a Woman's Folly and a Man's Heroism. DY MRS. ISOBEL H. FLOYD. [Copyright, 1889.]

CHAPTER V. There is a spur in anguish that only the cruelly goaded know. Jacob had hitherto been fairly successful, but had attained no especial eminence in his profession, owing to the easy comfort of happy surroundings. He had shown occasional flashes of brilliancy in some of the law cases he conducted, but that was all.

Now all his faculties seemed aroused and intensified and he lived as he had never lived before. He threw himself into his work with a force and recklessness that achieved

wonders. In six months' time he was famous. Peoit was known that young Jacob Lane was to | draped the door-way. speak. His logic was convincing, and his eloquence carried his listeners along with him, as if swept on by a torrent. It soon came to be that he refused to take any but great cases, and his time was worth more in dollars and cents than that of any lawyer

in the city. Within a year he was rich enough to leave his modest home in Charles street and



on Fifth avenue. He did this because he had a return of the old stifled feeling that he used to feel as a boy in the mountains.

He wanted more room and air. What he would have done in those days of despair without little Alice it would be hard to say. At times, when the hungry longing to see his wife again came over him, it was only the sight of the wee blossom face that kept him from self-destruction. In the course of time his pain grewless,

But in place of the bright-faced, confident, every action had force and strength. At wrong! That was his battle-cry, as his thundered for the right. It seemed as if the one great evil he had suffered himself had eaten into his very soul, and that naught could help him but righting all wrongs for all men.

One evening, several years after Rose's desertion of him, when he was sitting one mountains takes precedence of all North aight in the library of his beautiful home, "Papa, hasn't I dot any mama?"

"No, dear," Jacob answered, gently; "she "Poor mama," said the child, kissing a pretty French doll she held in her arms. "I wouldn't like to be deaded and away from my little durl."

"Papa, hasn't I dot any drandpa or drand-"Yes, dear," answered Jacob, patiently;

"but they live far away from here, away up "Oh, yes; I'members. But I'd 'member 'em better, papa, if I seed dem sometimes. Why don't dey tum and see us, papa?" "Why! Oh, I don't know, dear, except,

"Oh, you funny papa! When I drow big this was afforded by a cougar in the Adi- 'oo ice-tream and lots of tandy! Yes, I

"Would you, my pet?" said Jacob, stroking her golden hair so like her mother's. "Well, you shall! I'll write to-night and ask them if you like, and then they'll come

"Oh, goody! goody!" said the mite, but of the presence yet in Canada of this jumping up and down in glee. "I must go most famous of the cats of America. and tell Therese! Therese! My

"Taisez, taisez, Mignon," said a sweetfaced French governess, coming into the room. "Vous faites trop de bruit pour votre, "Mais non, Therese," cried the baby

voice, finishing up in emphatic American-"Well, a little, my dear," answered gers in the forests and mountains of Jacob, smiling. "Run along to bed now,

the letter, you know. "All yight! Good-night, my very own rence. It is only a few years since a papa. 'Oo div 'em my love, and ask 'em to tum kick!" And the little fairy danced off

to bed. But Jacob did not write at once after little Alice left him. He sat by the grate-fire, dreaming-looking into the coals, and thinking of the past. "Little Alice is right!" he said to himself, at length, "and I have been a selfish brute not to have thought of them before.

Poor father and mother! They must indeed have thought me heartless. And so I am -I have no love left to give any one! Oh! a-settin' on her grandma's lap, a-doin' what Rose, Rose! Oh! my wife! How could

Again the old pain-again the old ache. He went to his desk, sat down and wrote and overcoat, went out and dropped the letter into the nearest mail-box himself.

Ten days later the door-bell of No. Fifth avenue was rung, and when the darkey butler opened the door he snickered; for there, standing before him, were Uncle Aaron and Aunt Kate, in all the

"Bees Mr. Jacob Lane at home?" said perspiration off his forehead with a big pictured handkerchief. "No, sah," grinned Sam; "he done gone

down to de boat to meet his farder an mud-"Well, now, Aaron, I told you that Jacob

"We'll come in, young man, and rest, 1 reckon," said Uncle Aaron. "You see the city streets are hard on the feet when you seem so to me," said Uncle Aaron. "Why.

hain't used to 'em, and my wife's clean tired. ored man's ready politeness; "walk right have been strange for you to have said any so I say, what am I more than other folks dis way." But to himself he was thinking: "Fore de Lord! am dese vere his folks! Hi! Wonder what little Miss Alice will sav!"

"Is dar nuffin I can get yer, sah, or you, And then arter it is done, every one sees it

"Well, I tell you what," said Aunt Kate, "I'd like a cup of tea right well. Ef it won't somethings air wrong. I mean in the fixia's, bother any one, I'd like to go to the kitchen | lad; and I hev noticed that the right things and make ourselves a cup of tea-I'd like are what was easy to do, and the other

"Couldn't think, ma'am, of you so disturbin' yourself," said mischievous Sam, bowing with the grace of a Chesterfield. "I'll speak to de cook and bring it to you right hyar, directly." And before Aunt Kate could stop him or remonstrate with him, he was out the door and gone.

Left to themselves, Uncle Aaron and I have keered for." Aunt Kate looked around them in admiration at their beautiful surroundings. But even their admiration was characteristicfor Aunt Kate's was mixed with a feeling of awe and half fear, while Uncle Aaron nodded his head with a satisfied smile, as But it seems to me, lad, as if there must be if he met after a long absence old friends whom he was glad to see. Aunt Kate was down on her knees and was feeling the thickness of the Axminster carpet, and Uncle Aaron was standing before a fine water-color, smiling and looking happy, when suddenly Abce, daintily dressed and hugging her beloved dollie in her arms, ple crowded into the court-room whenever stood within the Turkish portieres that

"Oo-o!" she said, "Land sakes!" cried Aunt Kate. "Why, this must be Alice!" said Uncle

With the swift recognition that children have of those akin to them, little Alice propped her doll and without a moment's hesitation went to Uncle Aaron's outstretched hands. He stood up in his great height and happiness, a beautiful picture, with the child in his arms. Aunt Kate looked at them as she ever looked at every thing, doubtfully.

"My wee woman! my wee woman!" said Uncle Aarcn, talking to her as lovers do. And for answer Alice kissed him emphatcally several times, pulling her tiny fingers through his long gray beard. Aunt Kate stood stiff and straight, looking at them

"Beant ver agoin' to speak to me?" she said at last, primly. "I'm your grandmother.'

"Is see?" questioned Alice, lifting up her great blue eyes to Uncle Aaron. "Yes; in sartin, your grandmah. Kiss

her, there's a good child." Thus directed, little Alice got down from Uncle Aaron, smoothed down her pretty dress, tossed her curls over her shoulder and said: "How de doo, drandma?" and held up her wee mouth for a kiss. Thank God that nature is at times too strong for us. For once Aunt Kate forgot to carp and whine. All her woman's heart went out to the wee mouth held up to hers. "My baby!" she cried, and then gathering up the tiny form with all its pretty lace and frills to her broad, motherly breast, she held her close. And the child felt the mother love and was not afraid; only nestled the closer. She kissed and crowed over her as mothers do, and Alice, at last lifting up her tumbled, curly head, said wisely:

"Oo tan go now, drandpa; oo tan go to bizzeness wiv papa. Dood-bye."

Uncle Aaron stood, big, nonplussed, awkward. He was surprised, as many of his brother men have been before him, and those after him will be again, at that illogical, strange freemasonry of woman-kind in the crises of life, be they young or old, of high

missed them at the boat." He was rather Uncle Aaron and Aunt Kate remained

with Jacob about two weeks, and then Unbugle-notes denounced the wrong and cle Aaron, with his gentle, wise understanding of all things, thought it best that they should go. He saw that aithough Jacob was glad to have them, that the daily routine of his life was altered, that his ways were not their ways.

It was their last evening at Jacob's house, when weeAlice had taken grandma up to her own room, and was happy with her in her pretty, childish fashion, and Aunt Kate, softened and gentler for the time spent with the child, was sitting there with her, happy and at peace, too.

In the library, the beautiful room with its lines of books and corners of rare curiosities, seated in two easy chairs drawn up in front of the blazing fire, were Uncle Aaron and Jacob, alone together. Alike, and vet not alike. Jacob's face, manly and grave, stood out like marble, chiseled by some master hand. A face full of vigor and thought and strength. It seemed to suggest the possibilities in man! But Uncle Aaron, of larger frame and grander mold, sublime in his rugged simplicity, seemed to suggest the possibilities of a God!

The two sat looking into the coals, and at last Jacob said, with a sigh: "Well, so you leave us to-morrow, father. Couldn't you stay longer?"

"It's best not, lad, it's best not. We've had a good visit, and your mother has been like a different creature since wee Alice took to her so. Hum!" with a little chuckle of keen amusement, "blood is thicker'n



water, ain't it? When I see little Alice she will with her, and her a-settin' as gentle and quiet as a nestin' hen, I feel as if I'd like to go out and flap my wings and say: 'Cock-ee doodle-doo!' "But you don't," said Jacob, with an an-

swering laugh. "No, lad, I don't," replied Uncle Aaron, with a quizzical look, "nor neither would you if you was me."

A moment's pause, then Uncle Aaron, stooping down, took hold of a magnificent black bear-skin that, mounted as a rug, was in front of the grate.

"How queer it seems, lad, to use the b'ar's coat this way! Why, many's the b'ar I've killed in the past twenty years in the mountains, and yet I never thought of put- cle Aaron, laying his hat upon the ground, ting his coat under my feet. Why, it's just | ran his fingers excitedly through his long what a child might do to put his feet on his white hair. furry coat to keep 'em warm. Do you know, Jacob, one thing that strikes me right curious in all your fine new things and new ways o' livin' f"

"No, father," said Jacob. "What!" would meet us, only yer wouldn't wait, but the most money, and that you city folks seem to keer for the most, air the things I was always hungry for what I never gri, that air the straightest to get and do."

"Straighest?" questioned Jacob. as if no one's heart was quite so empty as "Yes, straightest, easiest; at least they mine, and no one's life quite so-spoiled. But, child,"-here his voice grew deeperthat talk you gave the other day in court, that they all clapped so! Why, lad, it was gry, all lives lacks somewhat, and no one's "Certainly, sah," said Sam, with the col- the only thing you could have said. It would

different, wouldn't it?" Jacob nodded and smiled, and Uncle Aaron went on: "That's what I mean; that He ushered them into the reception-room on the things we sees to do the easiest-what be suited:" one side of the hall, and then politely said: is in us to do-is the right thing for us.

FORAKER'S VILLAINY.

is good, ye know. Now, about this ere A Political Conspiracy Which Stands Alon room, Jacob. Somethings air right and in American History. If a common and notorious criminal is

things that were a heap more trouble they

"Oh, father! father!" said Jacob, rising

"Chance for what, lad? Mone ?? I do

not want it. I never have-that is not what

"Me! What do I keer for! I don't know

how to tell ve, lad. I know I don't keer for

money-for that only means so many loads

of hemlock bark taken to the 'tannin'.'

some other use for what's in us-some other

use. I'm no scollard: I can't say what I

feels, my boy, but when I heered you the

other day in court, a pleadin' for that poor

woman, and saw the tears a runnin' down

the peoples' cheeks, I felt as if I was a

livin' then," and Uncle Aaron rose and put

Jacob: "but it's hard to live on without her

"You give me new courage, father," said

"I know, lad. Don't ever think I forget

it. I doesn't." There are some that help

us; even although they can not take our

burden from us, they seem to share the

Jacob, strong man that he was, felt steal-

ng over him the same sense of comfort

that he had felt as a child in Uncle Aaron's

arms. He felt strengthened and uplifted,

better able to face the long, dreary outlook

"Father," he said, at last, "you make me

feel like a man again-like a soldier that

has heard the ringing cheer of his Captain

to charge the foe. And I would indeed be a

"My lad," said Uncle Aaron, with his

tender, loving smile, "you never have been

CHAPTER VL

There are few so steeped in wrong-doing

is to be comfortably stupefied. Rose has

never quite forgotten for one short half

hour her deserted child and husband. Uncle

Fifteen years have passed away since she

he is walking through the town of Ron-

dout he is in her mind. She is with her

to the fact that she is so near to the mount-

ains or not, she has been thinking of Uncle

Aaron all the morning. Suddenly a hand

is laid upon her shoulder, and a voice says

"Yes-why, it's you!" she exclaims, gaz-

ng at Uncle Aaron in surprise. He stands

there in the sunlight, his beard and hair

itement, his breath coming fast. "Ah-

how do you do?" she says; "are you well!"

Rose, coolly, looking very beautiful, with

the glint of the sun upon her yellow hair;

do you often come into town? I thought

"I comed down on Matthew's business

He's my other son, yer know-has a farm

shakes the good old man for a moment;

did hurt you, because you were so good,"

"Good?" ejaculated Uncle Aaron, in

"Yes," went on Rose, "and if I were with

you every day now, I would be a good wo-

man. It's true," she nodded; "you are bet-

"You don't? No, I suppose not," she ex-

claimed, laughing away a tear; "but it's a

fact all the same. I know that if I had to

die this very minute, I shouldn't be half so

afraid to go if you would stand by me and

Suddenly over Uncle Aaron's face came a

strange light, and the blood rushed hotly up

against his white hair. "Rose, I have

thought of something. Will yer do it fer

sport of me, that if I were by ye every day

ye could be a good woman. Rose! Rose!

come back to Jacob, and I'll come with

with ye. Think of the years that he has

him," slowly, "since I last saw you."

Alice is nigh on to eighteen years old."

not seen her in all these years?

amazement; "what do ye mean?"

woman. There, that's what I mean."

ter than all the priests to me.

me, child! Will ye do it?"

"Not to go back to Jacob-'

child-will yer come, Rosel"

like a king he commanded:

"Come, I want to talk with ye."

-Oh, I couldn't! It is impossible."

Such was Uncle Aaron's great soul now.

flushed, he walked erect like a king, and

Looking up at him in wonder, for across

his face shone a quivering light of strange

weetness, Rose stopped, hesitated a mo-

nent and then turned and walked by his

side. He strode along down one of the side

hey came to a clump of trees near a stream.

were silent for a moment, Rose nervously

punching holes in the soft green moss with

the end of her lace parasol, while Un-

pretend to understand it; but there is

one thing that I do know, and I want ye to

know it. The only happiness for ourselves

"I have found out that all hearts ore hun-

days are quite as they would like them. And

ITO BE CONTINUED.

"Let's sit down here," he said. Both

streets and out to the edge of the town until

"I don't see why," he said.

you seldom left the mountains."

man, eagerly.

know?

emotion.

hold my hand!"

them all this time?"

"Yes, thankee," stammers Uncle Aaron.

"I was just thinking of you," goes on

ery white, his gray eyes flashing with ex-

huskily: "Beant this Rose?"

a coward-and you never will be!"

his hand on Jacob's shoulder.

-my wife."

weight of it.

of lonely days to come.

co ward if I feil back now."

binks of him.

"What do you care for?" said Jacob.

unexpectedly and pacing the floor; "you

should have been in my place; you should

don't suit no one now they are done."

have had a chance!"

found consorting with those of his own class, no one is surprised; if, under stress of examination before a court of law, such a man admits that he has used as tools men even meaner than himself -expecting to profit by their rascality -the world says: "Why, it is only a case of Fagin and 'The Artful Dodger'employer and employed, the one promising support, advancement and protection; the other returns." From criminals we all expect crime, and long familiarity with its manifestations has dulled the edge of surprise.

When, however, the scene shifts from crime to politics and we find a man but yesterday a prominent candidate of one of the leading parties for the nomination to the Presidency of the United States-the crowning honorable ambition of every statesman-confessing to having dealt with a trickster to compass his election as Governor of Ohio; confessing to the long series of lies, evasions and tergiversations which marked the earlier history of the episode of the Wood letter, it is enough to bow the head of every American with shame that such things can be, and lead him to pledge the efforts of his life to purging, not alone the party now involved, of such evil.

It is scarcely worth while to go deeply into an analysis of the case, and the Free Press will not attempt it. Two witnesses-accomplices in this atrocious Foraker before the American people, convicted as charged. These are Wood, who concected the forgery, and Joseph Benson Foraker, the beneficiary contemplated when the crime was hatched.

Imagine a man, a leader in his State, prominent in the National councils of his party: a lawyer-one who had been a judge-imagine him being "deceived" by such a person as Wood. The wish of Aaron's beseeching words have come back to her ears again and again, and she feels Mr. Foraker was the devil which stood strange, regretful pity whenever she at his elbow and inspired both thought and act. The thought in his mind may have been this: "I am Governor; I wish has seen him, and on this particular day as to be Governor again, that I may one day be President. I feel defeat in the air. If I am defeated, my end is come. theatrical company, and whether it is owing

I will risk all on this last device." And so the man recommended to him by an obscure political heeler was retained to produce certain evidence; and he did so. It was delivered to Mr. Foraker. The candidate did not intend it for publication-not at all; it was too shaky for that. He intended it to be shown to this one and that one "about headquarters." To be talked of by Democrats and Republicans; to elbow its way into the press in the form of insinuations and innuendoes-and to kill Mr. Campbell-whom Mr. Foraker in his heart knew to be innocent, because it would not take form definite enough to be answered; before it was too late to counteract its influence.

I live with him sence mother died. How-The testimony shows one thing with do ye know-how is Jacob?" said the old neither Halstead nor Foraker was above using a paper upon which the name of The calmness of this statement rather one Democratic candidate appeared accompanied by those of Sherman, then, his eyes flashing more than ever, he McKinley, Butterfield and other Reanswers: "So long as that! Why, wee publicans as a weapon against that Democrat, while the signatures of the

"Yes," assented Rose, calmly, "she must be. Is she like me? Is she pretty, do you Republicans were suppressed. This brands Foraker and Halstead alike as political tricksters. "Woman! woman!" broke in Uncle Aaron, "have ye no heart at all? And you have

The testimony shows another thing to the satisfaction of every thinking have ye never wanted to see her and yer man-that Foraker was a party, from husband-my boy? Never wanted to see first to last, to the fraud which was planned to defeat Campbell and compass "Not very much," she answers, smiling his own election. This is shown in the slowly; "but I have wanted to see you, though. You don't believe that? It's true stories he told at the time of the original all the same. You have always been in my exposure, when he denied that he knew at a certain date that any other name thoughts. I have felt so sorry that what I than that of Campbell appeared upon throwing out her hands with a pretty gestthe paper-a story contradicted by his 100 pounds. own testimony upon the stand; this is shown by his easy deception by a cheap adventurer; his payment of money to "I mean," said Rose, turning around imthat man to go upon a second mission pulsively and facing him, "that you are more of a saint than any one I know, and for him, when Foraker himself so seriously suspected Wood that he was led to my memory of your talk to me is like that of a church, and that if 1 had had you for hire another man to watch him; it is my father I might have been a good shown by his tacit consent to the preconceived exposure and his failure to More amazed than ever Uncle Aaron give any man whose name appeared stood looking ather, his heart swelling with upon the forged paper the least chance of

explanation. Foraker is as dead as Rameses I.: Halstead should be also. But what of | per cent. Forakerism and what of Halsteadism? Do they die with those who will give

them name for all time? Let us be thankful that even Harrison rather than Foraker is President, and that Halstead is at home rather than at a foreign court. Then let us put the heels on the head, not the tail. 25 cents a gallon. of the Ohio-idea snake and be done with it.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BOUNTY SYSTEM.

What Republican Demagogy May Ac complish in Time.

"But if I go with ye," said Uncle Aaron, rapidly. "Ye said, if ye was not making The hearing before the ways and means committee at Washington has accomplished one useful purpose. It ve! Come back to my boy. Come, I'll come brought the tariff discussion down to a rational basis so far as the farmers of loved ye and been left alone. Think of yer the country are concerned. Mr. Alexander J. Wedderburn, representing the For a moment she seemed to waver, then National Grange, Patrons of Husbandshaking her head she said, rather wearily: 'No, it would be of no use. I couldn't now. ry, made the demand that, if the pres-It is too late. He can not want-I should not ent high tariff is to be maintained, then suit him-he could not forgive, and besides Congress shall vote a bounty to farmers There are times when the yearning of an the present tariff increases the profits ntense love has the force of a whirlwind. of manufacturers, and that these profits He saw the future joy both of his boy and and working-men of the country; that | their dividends.-St. Paul Globe. of this fair woman before him hanging in there is no way through raising the the balance, and he felt that he must tariff by which farmers may be benesave her. His eyes burned, his face was fited, and that the only way to square

understand it. The effect of the high tariff in most cases is precisely the same | Philadelphia Times. as if a bounty were given to manufact-"It's a queer world, child, and I don't something to make clear to the people | Times. is what we give to others. When I was time I cried out at things and hated folks.

all my life, till late years, and I used to feel clearer. A bounty system, or a protective tariff | -Terence V. Powderly.

system, can not be so devised as to help every one. If that is its aim it helps

no one. A bounty, or tariff system, to be of help to any one must help certain men and harm others. That is the operation of the present tariff, and every increase in its rates increases the

injustice of the present system. If the Republican party proposes to vote a bounty for every pound of sugar raised it must also vote a bounty for every bushel of potatoes, and the bounty the potato-raiser gets will stay in his pocket just so long as he can go without sugar, and no longer. Then it will be transferred as bounty to the sugar-grower. The Republican party proposes to put every industry of the country in the attitude of a pensioner upon the Government.-Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

4 "FOR THE RIGHT."

A Word About the Tilden Memorial Proposed by Mr. Cummings. An aggressive Democratic Congressman, Mr. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, has offered in the House a resolution appropriating \$50,000 for a bronze statue of Samuel J. Tilden, to be placed in the center of the Capitol rotunda. Mr. Cummings proposes to have in-

scribed on the base of the statue the words: "Samuel J. Tilden, nineteenth President of the United states-elected. but not seated," together with the date but the political system of the country of Mr. Tilden's birth, election and death, the picture of an eagle with a home in. snake in its talons and the motto: "For

the right." It may be assumed that Mr. Cummings does not expect the passage of his resopolitical fraud-combine to place Mr. lution in the present Congress, though there is probably not a member of that body, even among the most besotted Republicans, who does not harbor somewhere about his person a belief that Mr. Tilden was cheated out of the Presidency by a most infamous crime, and that the Nation owes it to itself, to the constitution which that crime trampled under foot and to the citizen who should have filled the Presidential chair to place conspicuously before the people an enduring memorial of the occurrence, coupled with the sternest reprobation which can be conveyed in

> perpetrators. And it can scarcely be doubted that, ipon the spontaneous demand of rightthinking, patriotic Americans, some such expiatory memorial will utimately be erected, to stand as a perpetual plea "for the right," and a recognition of the title to eternal infamy earned by the men who labored for and secured the

words of the treasonable act and its

success of the conspiracy. The offense of which Mr. Cummings proposes to create in monumental brass a perpetual reminder was the most disgraceful political crime in American history. It set a precedent which has just been followed in the odious villainy of the Republicans in Montana, and which promises a fruitful harvest of come. It would be well if the National | ferent secret. We can never know what conscience might be awakened before may be to come out of the meanest the utmost clearness. It shows that this harvest is gathered to set the brand of public execration upon the treason of 1876 in such terms as would warn conspirators against attempts to repeat it. -Chicago Globe.

BRED BY PROTECTION,

Twenty Monopolies Which Grow Fat a the Expense of the People. 1. The steel-rail trust, buttressed by a

tariff tax of \$17 a ton. 2. The nail trust, by a tariff tax of \$1.35 per 100 pounds.

3. The iron nut and washer trust, by a tax of \$2 per 100 pounds. 4. The barbed-fence wire trust, by a tax of 60 cents per 100 pounds.

5. The copper trust, by a tax of \$2.50 per 100 pounds. 6. The lead trust, by a tax of \$1.50 per

7. The slate-pencil trust, by a tax of 30 per cent. 8. The nickel trust, by a tax of \$15 per 100 pounds.

9. The zinc trust, by a tax of \$2.50 per 100 pounds. 10. The sugar trust, by a tax of \$2 per

100 pounds. 11. The oil-cloth trust, by a tax of 40 per cent. 12. The jute-bag trust, by a tax of 40

per cent. 13. The cordage trust, by a tax of 30 14. The paper-envelope trust, by a tax

of 25 per cent. 15. The gutta-percha trust, by a tax of 35 per cent. 16. The castor-oil trust, by a tax of 80

cents a gallon. 17. The linseed-oil trust, by a tax of 18. The cottonseed-oil trust, by a tax

of 25 cents a gallon. 19. The borax trust, by a tax of \$5 per 100 pounds.

20. The ultramarine trust, by a tax of 85 per 100 pounds. - Philadelphia Justice.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM. -The Kansas farmer who hauled as much corn to market the other day as two mules could pull, and who took back

ways and means committee at Washington doesn't want.-Kansas City Star. -The window-glass manufacturers have lately formed a syndicate, and they on all their products. He showed that see the need of keeping the tariff up to the highest figure. With their trust and tariff they will manage to worry along come out of the pockets of the farmers and encourage the builders to swell

--- The true and the only remedy for the working-men of the country is to take a positive stand and resolutely the account is to vote money outright vote against all needless taxes on the from the treasury to the farmers of the necessaries of life and against all taxes on the raw materials of our productive This proposition puts the protective industries. That would assure protectariff on a basis where every one can tion to labor and it would assure mutual interests between labor and capital .-

-As long as the industrial masses urers directly out of the people's money | will vote to tax themselves for the benein the Federal treasury. That is its fit of monopoly classes, just so long will design, that is the meaning of the labor have oppression and unrest. When but that she might do well to phrase "encouragement of home in- the working-man must pay forty-seven see Dr. B -- . "But tell him dustries," as applied to tariff taxation. cents out of his one dollar earned as that it is serious and that I must see The proposition to repeal the tariff taxes to swell an already overflowing him," she said. The doctor made antaxes on sugar and in place thereof to treasury, it is mockery to say that there pay a bounty for every pound of sugar is protection to monopoly; there is only raised in this country has already done oppression to industry.—Philadelphia his receiver in a most desperate fashion.

the workings of "protection," as now -"I'm not talking tariff this year, "Why, that the things that seem to cost younger I didn't know this, and many a applied in this country. Mr. Wedder- but it seems to me that the policy of see another Doctor G-, who she was burn's proposition to pay a bounty for protection is a wrong on labor. The sure would comfort her ills. all farm products make the matter still | laboring classes are not protected—only the manufacturers. The rich receive But after every one has a bounty how the protection. The American manumuch better off will any one be than he facturer adds the duty to what should would be if there were no bounties at be the natural and fair price for his all? All that the Federal treasury pays product. The burden of the tariff rests over to him by way of bounty, and per- its crushing weight upon the poor. The haps more, too, he must at once pay out tariff needs reforming. It is the poor, that I should have things right to my mind! to some one else for the bounty on his the great mass of the people, who need And so I say to ye, what are ye that ye product, and the second person must in protection, and they will never get it should spoil two other lives so that yer fancy | turn pay his bounty over to still a third. | under the so-called policy of protection."

PITH AND POINT.

-If every man had to follow his own advice nine out of ten of us would stop giving it.

-Almost all men have at some time stood beside the grave of opportunity .-Texas Siftings.

-A comical train of thought should never be found running on a gravity railroad.-Baltimore American. -The man who thinks quick and

speaks slow will be very apt to get along in the world safely.-N. O. Picayune. -People who wait for dead men's shoes generally find them worn out when they get them. - San Francisco Bulletin.

-The man who is sure he can't be wrong is always the very one to find that it is the impossible which always happens .- Puck. -Working for relations has many of the unsatisfactory conditions that at-

tend eating soup with a fork .- Milwaukee Journal. -When a man is young he thinks to reform the world, but when he gets older he is quite satisfied if he is able

to reform himself. -Some people get drunk in the hope of having their natural idiocy charged up to the account of whisky.-Milwaukee Journal.

-Sorrows are visitors that come without invitation; but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles

-A pup looks so mild and innocent that we sometimes think it will turn out better than others of its race, but it

always turns out a dog .- Atchison Globe. -The simpler things of life are often the most charming. Deception in man is simulated in nature in the fact that "fine feathers do not always cover fine birds."

-A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will; which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will, by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it.-South.

-We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obliga-

-- To impart liberally of what we have, of what we do, and of what we are, is necessary to the healthy growth of affection! Although a perfect love would of itself prompt and encourage this, the love that is not perfect may be exalted and sustained thereby.-N. Y. Ledger.

-To those among us who are forced by circumstances to move through a petty round of daily cares which seem hardly worth one's best exertions, there may be comfort in this thought, often expressed, but which Mrs. Whitney has put in a very clear way: "Doing any one thing well puts a key into one's hands similar abominations in the years to to the opening of some other quite difdrudgery."-Harper's Bazar.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

Famous Women Who Have Doffed Petti-

coats and Corsets. The subject of women donning male attire in order to follow their lovers incognito to wars or other dangers has been a favorite one with the poets from the early ballad singers to Mrs. Browning, in the "Romaunt of the Page," and the Swedish Tegner, and his beautiful story of "Axel." But in modern times women have less romantic reasons for the change of costume. Like George Sand they may do it in a spirit of adventure; like Rosa Bonheur and our own Dr. Mary Walker, because they find it more comfortable, or like the hundreds of cases which are constantly being noted by the newspapers, because they find that an apparent change of sex enables them to make a better living. Rosa Bonheur wears trousors when at work, but resumes her female attire in the evening. She not only wears trousers, but a full male outfit, including the French laborer's blue smock and cap, when she goes to fairs to make studies for her cattle or wanders about the field unaccompanied. The garb relieves her of the trouble of bundling up skirts when she carries painting implements, and also conceals her sex from the rough men whom she is liable to meet. Louisa Lawton, the sculptress, also finds it convenient to wear trousers and coat when at work. Sarah Bernhardt, in her studio, assumes a black velvet suit of clothes, in which she is conscious that she looks very charming. Mme, Diculatoy, the French explorer and scientists, who has done so much to increase our knowledge of Persian archæology, also looks much more coquettish and winsome in the

UNPARALLELED NERVE.

Yesterday morning a lady walked into

costume she adopted while journeying

in strange lands than in the skirts

which she wears in Paris. Indeed, even

in Paris, her only return to feminine

costume is in the substitution of skirts

for trousers. The coat and vest, the

shirt, collars and cuffs are retained .-

Philadelphia Times.

A Utica (N. Y.) Woman Who Apparently Is Made of Brass.

an up-town doctor's office and asked permission to use his telephone. The gentlemanly physician acquiesced with pleasure, but was somewhat astonished to hear his visitor call up another doctor's office. She had some difficulty with the telephone, and requested the doctor to do the talking for her. First she wanted him to tell his brother practitioner, Dr. G-, that she was sick and that she would immediately be down to see him. "Great Scott," ejaculated the latter, "don't send her down here. She has hung up every doctor in town. Tell her I have an urgent call and won't be in again to-day. Send her to Dr. B In terms the most suave the doctor told his visitor that Dr. G- would be unable to see her. other effort, but he heard the man at the other end of the line hanging up The woman finally confided to him that she guessed she would go up street and

The doctor whose office was thus invaded found it necessary to take a long rest to recover from the shock which he afterward said was given to him by witnessing so severe and aggravated a case of "nerve." He subsequently found that not long before the same patient had gone into one Dr. J--'s office and secured his services to telephone a drug store to see why the medicine prescribed for her by Dr. B—— had not been sent up.—Utica (N. Y.) Herald.